

THE
School of Politicks:

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O R, T H E
The Health Department

H U M O U R S
O F A
C O F F E E - H O U S E .

A
P O E M .

Tantumne ab re tua otii est, aliena ut cures? Terent.

The Second Edition Corrected and much Enlarged by the Author.

L O N D O N ,

Printed, and are to be Sold by R. Baldwin, at the
Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane, 1691.

THE

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School of Divinity

Harvard College Library

Sept. 30, 1911.

Office of R. O.

The English Department

HUMORS

OF A

COFFEE-HOUSE

P. O. E. M.

By Edward Hand

Printed and sold by the City of London

The Second Edition Corrected and much Enlarged by the Author

LONDON

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Office of the City of London

THE
School of Politicks:
 OR, THE
HUMOURS
 OF A
COFFEE-HOUSE.
O D E S.

I.

TWAS *Claret* that we drank, and 'twas as fine,
 As ever yet deserv'd the name of *Wine*;
 Each Man his *Flask* we thought a mod rate Dose,
 When just as we were giving o'er,
 Comes in our honest *Landlord* in the Clofe,
 Proteſting we ſhould drink his *Bottle* more:
 Which done, and all our *Reck'ning* paid,
 Each did a ſev'ral way repair;
 Some went to *walk*, and ſome to *bed*:
 But I, who had an hour to ſpare,
 Went to a neighb'ring *Coffee-Houſe*, and there
 With ſober *Liquor* to refine my *Head*.

II.

What e'er th' occasion was I cannot tell,
 Whether the *Wine* had discompos'd my *Mind*,
 Or some false *Medium* did my *Reason* blind,
 But so it was, I took the *Place* for *Hell*;
 The *Master* of the *House* with *fiery Face*,
 Did like insulting *Pluto* seem,
 Whilst all his *Guests* he did condemn
 To drink a *Liquor* of infernal *Race*,
 Black, scalding, and of most offensive smell:
 Trembling and pale, I cross'd my self all o'er,
 And mumbled *Ave-Maries* by the score.
 At length, by strange insensible degrees,
 My fears all vanish'd, and my *Mind* found ease,
 My scatter'd *Reason* re-assum'd its place,
 And I perceiv'd with *whom*, and *where* I was.

III.

The murmuring *Buzz* which through the *Room* was
 Did *Bee-hives* noise exactly represent; (sent,
 And like a *Bee-hive* too 'twas fill'd, and thick,
 All tasting of the *Honey Politick*,
 Call'd *News*, which they as greedily suck'd in,
 As *Nurses* Milk young *Babes* were ever seen.
 The various *Tones* and different noise of *Tongues*,
 From lofty sounding *Dutch* and *German* *Lungs*,
 Together with the lost melodious *Notes*,
 Of *Spaniards*, *Frenchmen*, and *Italian* *Throats*,
 Who met in this *State-Conventicle*,
 Compos'd a kind of *Harmony*,

Which

Which did in Concord disagree;
 Nay, even *Babel's* fatal Overthrow,
 More sorts of *Languages* did never know,
 Nor were they half so various, and so fickle.

IV.

The place no manner of distinction knew,
 'Twixt *Christian*, *Heathen*, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
 The *Fool* and the *Philosopher*
 Sate close by one another here,
 And *Quality* no more was understood
 Than *Mathematicks* were before the Floud.
 Here sate a *Knight*, by him a *rugged Sailer*;
 Next him a Son of *Mars*,
 Adorn'd with honourable Scars;
 By them a *Courtier*, and a *Woman's Taylor*:
 A *Barber* and a *Barister at Law*,
 Who ne'er before each other saw,
 Were hotly prating I assure ye
 Of Kings *de facto* and *de jure*.

A *Tradesman* and a *grave Divine*,
 Sate talking of *Affairs* beyond the *Line*;
 Whilst in a *Corner* of the *Room*
 Sate a fat *Quack*, the fam'd *Poetick Tom*,
 Pleas'd to hear *Advertisements* read,
 Where 'mongst lost *Dogs*, and other fav'rite *Breed*,
 His famous *Pills* were chronicled:
 The half *Box* eighteen *Pills* for eighteen *Pence*,
 Though 'tis too cheap in any *Man's* own *Sense*.
Lawyers and *Clients*, *Sharppers* and their *Cullies*,
Quakers, *Pimps*, *Atheists*, *Mountebanks* and *Bullies*,

Clean or unclean, if here they call,
The place, like *Noah's Ark*, receives 'em all.

V.

Had *Lilbourn* been alive to see
This *Hotch-potch* of Society,
Some other measures he had ta'en,
When he the Work of *Levelling* began;
For All here stand on equal ground.
As I have seen in Storms at Sea,
For common safety all are willing found
To hawl a *Cable*, guide an *Oar*,
To stem the *Tide*, and bring the *Ship* to Shoar;
So in this *School* of *Polity*,
Each thinks himself as much concern'd as they
Who sit in *Council Chamber* ev'ry day;
And all their *Maxims* have a share
Of the *Professions* which their *Masters* are.
The quick-eye'd *Señary* pretends to see
Under *Lawn Sleeves* the growth of *Popery*.
The *Smith* upon the *Anvil* of his *Brain*
Forms a new *Commonwealth* again.
The *Carpenter* in his projecting *Pate*
Makes Props t'uphold the tottering *State*:
The *Quack* too, with his *Close-stool Fate*,
Does with his senseless *Reasons* urge,
The *British Islands* want a *Purge*:
And Ab! --- Were he but once in Place,
He'd --- but there stops, and thinks the Age not fit
To know the Wonders of his mighty Wit.

But the chief Scene was yet to come,
Which was to hear the various Argument
Which fill'd all corners of the Room,
Concerning the Affairs of *Christendom*.

I being seated to content
List'ned with most profound attention to
One of the loudest of the *prating Crew*,
Who after spitting thrice began,
Stroaking his Beard,-- Quoth he, *Here sits the Man*
Who Thirty several Campaigns has seen,
At five and forty Sieges been,
And in both foreign and domestick Wars.

Receiv'd as many Scars,
As I upon my Head have Hairs.
You prate, continued he, to make you merry,
Of Sligo, and of Bellishannon,
Of Carickfergus and Dundalk,
And of the thund'ring Bombs and Cannon,
Were us'd as Siege of London-derry;
Mere stuff, and nothing else but Talk.
Now if the Wars you would delight in,
And see the very Soul of Fighting,
Go but this Spring to Flanders,
Flanders the Scene of Action, where
Death keeps his Revels all the Year:
There are no Petticoat Commanders,
Things clad in red, which have no braver Souls
Than Parrots, Apes, or Owls;

*But hardy Youths, — so us'd to lye ruff,
 That their own Skins become a nat'ral Buff:
 These are the Lads, — and I was one,
 Although I say't my self, — have often gone,
 Through thickest Squadrons of the Horse,
 And with my single force,
 Made a whole Troop retire in haste:
 This good old Blade which by my Side I wear,
 Assisted by my Arm, I swear,
 Has kill'd a dozen Men before I broke my fast;
 Nor living is that daring He,
 Who but provokes this trusty Sword,
 But shall ———*

——— At speaking of which word,
 Two Serjeants came and laid
 Their Paws upon this daring Blade;
 Upon an Action of poor Hostess
 (Living not far from where Blew-Post is,)
 For fowling Linnen half a Year,
 Then sneaking off and never pay'r.
 But so submissive, and so tame,
 Was this courageous Son of Fame!
 The Company with Laughter let him pass
 To Prison, for a most vainglorious Ass.

VII.

Scarce was this Son of Thunder gone,
 Who tir'd the Ears of every one,
 Yet with his blust'ring Language warm,
 But new Discourse began,

Talk understood by every one
Concerning the late dreadful Storm.

Lord ! Neighbour, did you ever hear

(Says one) so terrible a Wind ?

I that have liv'd this threescore Years,

The like could never find,

How Sir, (replied his Friend,) ---- have you forgot

That blust'ring Night that Noll th'Usurper died ?

When all the Winds in order tried,

Who should blow hardest on the Spot,

A Storm so dreadful that 'twas thought

About by Witchcraft brought ;

When trembling Atheists went to Prayer,

Thinking the Day of Judgment near ;

And Fear appear'd in ev'ry Face.

Pish, (cries his Friend,) ---- what that time was,

I well remember, but, alas !

To the late Wind it was no more,

Than farting of a Cloud, or shrieking of a Door.

I'll tell you: There was lately sent

To me a Letter out of Kent,

Which says, it blew the Devil's Drop

(A Rock by Dover seen).

Along the Shoar, as if't had been

A School-boy's Gig or Top,

And plac'd it on this side the Hope,

And that was strange. ----

---- But not by half,

So wonderful (another speaks,) as that

I now am going to relate :

Grazing it to an Essex Calf,

Near

Near to the Shoar, and blew him cross the River,
Quite into Kent, where the poor thing remains

As sound and well as ever.

This caus'd the Company to laugh out right,
Which Mirth t'increase a jolly Sailer swore,

That on that ne'er to be forgotten Night,

(Though to preserve her they had spar'd no pains,)

Their goodly Ship was stranded near the Shoar,

Laden with Claret from Bourdeaux she came;

The Vessel dash'd to pieces, every Man

Nimble to save himself began;

I, for my part, seeing a Hoghead float,

Quickly astride upon it got,

And, Faith; I think I was not much to blame,

My drunken Friend and I got safe to Land;

Where in requital of the good

He did me, caus'd his dearest Bloud

To issue from him upon my command,

My Friends and I were merry at his death,

And I shall ne'er forget him while I've breath.

Finding this dull Romantick strain,

Amongst that Company to reign,

Whose Talk was nothing else but Fable,

I, leaving them, went to another Table.

VIII.

At which by accident (no doubt) were got

Demurely grave of Citizens a knot,

With shaking Heads and lift up Eyes,

Discourfing upon Predigies,

*Al Friends! the Times (says one) are very sad,
 Although the Wicked still remain as bad
 As if all things were settled---T'other Night,
 As very late by Westminster Scams,
 Methought the Element was all on flame,
 And one of th' Heads upon the Iron Spire
 Over the Hall, distinctly cried out Fire:
 Nay, I a while ago was told,
 That, at Noon, day, the Horse which stands*

*In the Stocks-Market neigh'd aloud
 For Provender, while the affrighted Croud
 Stood shivering both with Fear and Cold:
 Now when Vice grows so strong, and Faith so weak,
 No wonder 'tis the very Stones should speak:
 What these unlucky Signs portend
 I must confess I cannot comprehend;
 Let God (and then he'd off his Hat)
 In his good time discover that.
 Why, Neighbour, (says his Elbow-Friend,)*

*For certain 'tis, you cannot be
 So blind as not to see;
 The Head which cried out Fire denotes
 A disagreement in the Senate's Votes;
 But Heav'n avert the Prodigy;
 And th' Horses Neighing speaks as plaints*

*This Summer's scarcity of Grain:
 But I'm no Prophet, if I were,
 Events more wonderful I'd shew,
 Than ever Gadbury or Lilly knew;
 Events should make the Nation stare;*

What

What pity 'tis that Prophecy is ceas'd!
What pity 'tis, (thought I) thou are not plac'd
In Bedlam, where there cannot be
One half so Lunatick as thee :
Darkness, fresh Straw, and slender Diet,
And shaving th' Hair from thy thick Skull,
May make thy Brains and Tongue more quiet ;
But leaving this so very dull,
Most whimsical, and senseless Crew,
I softly to another place withdrew.

IX.

Where six raw Country Fellows sat
To hear an empty Wittal prate :
They to no Sermon in their Lives
Did ever such attention lend,
And each one by his grinning strives
Who most shall his Discourse commend :
One whisp'ring t'other in the Ear,
Esack, Ned, did you ever hear
(Says he) such Stories from our silly Vicar,
O'er Whitson Ale, or Christmase's Liqueur ?
No, Vaith, Tom, (answers he,) in all my born
I ne'er heard sike an ean, who does not scorn
To tell us all the News ; he should, I'm zure,
By's head-piece, be a Countseller.
By this time our admired Wit
Had drank his Dish of Tea, and then
Begins with----

--- Look ye, Gentlemen,

'Tis

*'Tis plain, the Emperour intends
 To make a strict Alliance with his Friends,
 To pull down the Unchristian Turk ;
 E'gad you'll see some curious Summers Work,
 And if things do but hit,
 (And I may live to see it,)
 That Haughty Tyrant tumble from his Throne,
 And on his humble Marrow-bones,
 Beg to b'admitted Groom of th' Stable,
 And eat Scraps from the Servants Table :
 When this is done, they will, I hope,
 Have at his Holiness the Pope,
 With all his Scarlet Cardinals,
 Who wait upon St. Peter's Chair ;
 A Chair has held this Sixteen hundred Year
 Without being mended, as I hear.
 The great Mogul next to their Fury falls,
 And when they've overcome the Cannibals
 The Work is done, and we may live at peace,
 Enjoy our Friends, and always be at ease.
 Boy, bring the Gazette.--- Sir, 'tis not come in.
 Pox take you, fetch it, for it has been seen
 At Jonathan's two hours ago.---But, Sir,---
 But, Puppy, What do I come hither for,
 To spend my time in this dull smoaky Room ?
 Pray be not angry, Sir, the Gazette's come.
 Here, Lad, let's see't---So, so, here's tickling News,
 Lost Dogs, lost Horses, Soldiers run away
 Without their Wits, and to avoid their Pay.*

Books sold at Tom's by Auction----once, twice, thrice,
The Hammer's down,--- he has you in a trice.

But, Sir, (says one,) what kind of News is this ?
For let me dye if I know what it is.

Oh, Sir, (replies the Spark) I always read
Gazettes as Witches pray; for they, 'tis said,
Do backwards mumble out their Pater Noster;
But now for News, i'th' twinkling of an Oyster.

Reads.

' Francfort, March 29. Several Boats arrive daily
' with Provisions that are ordered to be laid up here
' for the use of the Imperial Forces, which will now
' very quickly be in motion. The late Flouds have
' broke the Bridge of Boats at Philipsburg.

' Ditto, April. 2.---

Hold, Sir, (says one) e'er farther you go on
Pray tell us whereabouts does stand that Town
Call'd Ditto.---

----Why, Sir, (answers he,) it lies
Upon the barb'rous Coast of Africa,
Snatch'd from the Moors by mere surprize;

For on a very memorable day,

Or rather Night, as they were all employ'd

In gazing on the then Eclipsed Moon,

The Emp'ours Vessels, cruising near the Shoar,

Took the advantage of their busied sense,

And gain'd the Town : ---- Not many were destroy'd;

Fear bound the Hands of many, Wonder more;

So with small Bloudshed they were Captives soon.

The City's neatly built, and 'twas from thence

The

The German Balls, so fam'd for cleaning Shoes,
First came.---- I'd read some other News,

But I'm oblig'd by such an hour
To be at—— Gentlemen, I am your
Most humble Servant.—— Boy, here's for my Tea.
 Then leaves the Room.—But, Lord! to hear the Praise
 These Blockheads did to his bold Nonsense raise,
 Would almost make a witty Man forswear

All Claim to Modesty and Sense,
Since the Accomplishments which bear
 A Man through Life, are Ignorance and Impudence.

X.

The Lechery of talking what
Is meerly understood by rote,
Had to another Table drawn
A Club of Whigs and Tory Spawn:
Things which like Puppets only squeak,
What they sometimes hear great ones speak:
 One would affirm that no pretence
 Could *Salus Populi* make Sense;
 T'other affirm'd the *Royal Line*,
 Could never be of *Right Divine*;
 And that it was an *Imposition*,
 Almost as bad as th' *Inquisition*,
 To tell the People that a King
 May by's own Power do any thing,
 And that to God he is alone
 Accountable for what he's done:

Think you (continued he) that *Subjects* come
Bridled and Saddled to the *State*,
 And *Kings* with *Boots and Spurs* come down
 To ride them all at any rate?
 And do you think, reply'd the other
 That any *Prince* on *Earth* can be
 Safe on his *Throne* while zealous Brother
 Whose quick *Eye-sight* pretends to see
 Some *Blemishes* in's *Rule*; shall think it fit
 To instigate the *Mobile*
 To force that *Prince* his *Throne* to quit,
 And then cry out he—— But 'tis late : Good Night
 For should we talk till day of Doom
 In hopes each other to 'orecome (right.
 You'd think me still i'th' wrong, as I you not i'th'

XI.

Loud Laughter heard, I went to know
 The reason of that sudden Mirth,
 And what it was that gave it Birth;
 Which was a Sot would needs pretend to show
 With Ale-drops spilt upon the Bench,
 A New Invention to intrench;
 Make a Quart-pot to represent a Town;
 And then with Cannon of Tobacco-pipe,
 Which shews he was invention-ripe,
 The Pewter Cittadell beat down.
 Then two large Streams together joyn
 To represent the River *Boyne*;
 With broken Pipes then represent
 How over it our Army went. Then

Then make both Armies to ingage
 While Pipes still falling from the Table
 Did shew the Flight of beaten Rabble :
 And all this done with seeming rage,
 So serious in his trifling was the Fool ;
 Pity to *France* he is not sent,
 Where he Preferment cannot want,
 Or else be whipt and sent again to School.

XII.

In close Cabal were in a Corner met ;
 A Knot of Men, whose Faces wore
 The Livery of Discontent,
 Sighs from their Breasts incessantly were sent,
 One by their Looks might see their Hearts did fret,
 Like murmur'ing Israelites of yore,
 They frown'd, they stamp'd, they bit their Thumbs,
 They wink'd, they nodded, nay, would sometimes smil'
 When something did their airy hopes beguile,
 Yet not a Word between their Lips there comes.
 What this dumb Scene did represent,
 Or what by Signs and Nods was meant,
 Conjecture only gives us leave to guess :
 They were no Friends to th' Government,
 But there they met their Thoughts to ease,
 Which Thoughts by Words if they should dare t' express,
 Their Necks, or Purfes at the least,
 Might pay for th' Tongue's untimely Jest.
 Self Preservation's first of Nature's Laws:
 To be Well-wishers they're content,
 But care not to be Martyrs for the Cause.

XIII.

XIII.

From this most unintelligible Crew

I went, another Scene to view,

If the forementioned were reserv'd and close,

These were more open, and more free,

For Wine no secret ever knows,

And that these Sparks had drank t'a large degree.

You Sirrah Boy, (says one,) go fetch m'a Whore,

A lusty strapping Bona Roba,

E'gad, I shall so jerk her Toby,

I'd make her — But I'll say no more

At present. — Pox this Coffee scalds my Throat,

(Another cries,) 'tis in all Sense too hot ;

Prithee go fetch a Pair of Bellows hither,

And make my Dish know cooler weather :

That ever Man should be so great an Ass,

To suffer Wine (that plaguy Thief) to pass

Between his Lips, that slyly did convey

His Sense, his Reason, and his Brains away :

How happy those dull Nations are,

That know no other Liquor but Small-Beer !

You, Harry. (then there bawls a third,)

If of Sobriety you speak one word,

By Jupiter, and all the Heathen Gods

Your Sword and mine shall be at mortal odds ;

I for my part, without Reflections,

Against Small-Beer have forty Actions ;

They're to be tried next Term, and if I cast it,

I'll make't High Treason for my Friends to tast it,

Boy,

Boy, bring m'a Glas of Usquebaugh,
 By People nicknam'd Lill' bullero,
 'Tis good against the Gripes, they say,

My Humour's this——*Dum spiro spero:*

Come here's a Health to th' King of Poland ;
 Well, here sit I, who though I've no Land,
 Suppose my self as great as he,
 Nay, as th' great Cham of Tartary ;
 My Crown's a fuddling Cap, a Pipe my Sceptre ;

My Bottle represents my Globe,

And any Cloaths serve for a Regal Robe ;

My Queen my Mistress, when I kept her.

Drawers (or else 'tis very hard)

Will serve me for my Corps du Guard ;

But when Incognito I reel,

A Link-boy serves the turn as well ;

And, Gentlemen, to shew I'm yours,

Know you're my Privy Counsellours.

Well, we advise thee to go home,

(Says one,) and try by Sleep to overcome

This Humour.——

——Well, for once it shall be said,

(Says he,) That Counsel I obey'd ;

Here, Boy, your Money,——Gentlemen let's go,

E'gad methinks I tread on Wool, or Snow,

My head's so light,——well, when I come again

I'll make new Orders in my drinking Reign.

XIV.

This *merry Farce* diverted all the Room :
 These you may know had no design
 The *Quiet of the State* to undermine ;
 He thinks no *Treason* that's top-full of *Wine* :
 Men that sit brooding o'er their *Fears* at home,
 Or else abroad in private Corners meet,
 And there with *secret Whispers* sit,
 Are those disturb the *Peace of Christendom* :
 The *Juice o'th' Grape* may nurse an ill design,
 But certain 't never was begot by *Wine*.

XV.

Had any this new *Figure* seen,
 Him Madman must have thought him been,
 Who stroking up *Mustachio's* frowe,
 The King of *France* his Master was,
 The greatest Prince the Earth e're bore.
 What glorious *Conquests* has he won ?
 What mighty *Actions* left undone,
 To crown his *Fame*, and eternise his *Race* ?
 Rides he not *Master of the British Seas* ?
 Have not — Pray Sir, says one, take up a little,
 Your *Arguments* so very brittle,
 Indeed of *Nonsense* 'tis a finisht Piece.
 What glorious *Conquests* has he won ?
 Yes, by *Pistoles* he much has done :
 Did he at th' *Head of Armies* e're appear ?

No

No, while they dealt in Blood and Wounds,
 He lulls his Senses and his Soul confounds,
 In the fair Lap of Madam *Maintenon*.
 His mighty Actions what are they,
 But burning Towns and laying waſt
 Whole Provinces ? and what I pray
 Has his invincible *Armado* done
 Upon our Coaſt, but burnt a little Town ?
 Which Action in your Gazette not long paſt,
 Is magnified as much or more,
 As *Portsmouth* Platform Caſtle were in's Power :
 For ſhame leave off theſe State Romantick Lies,
 And ſeem at leaſt, if you will ne'er be wiſe.

XVI.

Th' Athenian Itch of hearing News,
 Which does our Faith ſo oft abuſe,
 Made me inquiſitive to know,
 How matters did in *Piedmont* go :
Piedmont the Place where not long ſince,
 By order from th' moſt Chriſtian Prince,
 Whole Seas of Blood were ſpilt ; but now
 By a ſtrange turn of Providence,
 Become a ſhade to persecuted Innocence ;
 But what we moſt deſire to know,
 Does often cheat us with a ſhow.——
 The Opticks with which foreign News we view,
 Are ſometimes falſe and ſometimes true.

One while the Duke of *Savoy* has the better,
 Then *Cattinat* prevails with his *Dragoons*,
 Then all's refuted in another Letter ;
 The Circling year has not so many Moons,
 As from beyond the Seas to us they send
 Their weekly Lies, —
 We hope the best, but must our Faith suspend.

XVII.

Hearing loud *Talk* and warm *Dispute*,
 I fate me down to listen to't :
 A *Cluster* were ingag'd, but chiefly *Two*
 Unsheath'd their *Arguments*, and drew
 In *Controversie's* open Field ;
 He who did the *defensive Weapon* yield
 Was both to *Wit* and *Sense* allied,
 Nay, more, the *Truth* was on his side ;
 His *Habit* rich, but modest, — t'other,
 Tea plainly, a *dissenting Brother*,
 Who confidently would maintain,
 The *Papists* first the *War* began,
 In those sad Times when *Jealousies* and *Fears*
 Set Folks together by the Ears ;
 Nay, more, that they the Persons were
 Who brought the King into the *Snare*,
 And when they had him safely there,
 Did, in the sight of all *Beholders*,
 Take off his *Head* from off his *Shoulders*.
 (A *Lye* so very gross like this,
 What Hearer would not take amiss ?)

This

This caus'd the Gentleman to storm,
 Already with his Canting warm ;
How, Sir, (says he,) can you with any Face
Transfer the Guilt, most justly yours,
(I mean your Party's,) on the Papists ? They,
'Tis own'd, are bad enough ; but can you, 'pray,
Inform us who amongst those ruling Powers
That sat at Westminster that fatal Day,
When Charles (the Good, the Pious, and the Just,
Being from Kingdoms three most basely thrust,)
Was tried, which of them all went to Mass ?
What Roman Catholick to sign was known
The Warrant for his Execution ?
Hold, Sir, (replies the other,) not too fast :
Upon the Stage they did not much appear,
'Tis own'd, but they behind the Curtain stood, and what,
Was ordered to be done was then effected.
Good Counsel ought not, Sir, to be rejected,
(Replies the other,) but 'tis plain and clear,
The Guilt should only at your Doors be cast.—
At mine, Sir ? Pray excuse me, I comply
With ev'ry Government.—That's uppermost you mean.

But, Sir, since you and I have been
Disputing thus, let me one Secret tell.—
A Secret, (said I ;) no, 'tis known too well,
No Government your Party ever pleas'd ;
And if that Miracles had not been ceas'd,
Should Heaven to humour you create
A Kingdom, Commonwealth, or State,

*Together with such wise and wholesome Laws,
Wherein sharp Criticks could discern no flaws,
Yet you'd be still uneasie. —*

*— Sir, too far
You stretch your Argument ; for are
We not as quiet in the present Reign,
As those who stiffly Monarchy maintain ?
Yes, doubtless, you (replies the other) can
Conform to all the Modes which e'er
The Government are ready to prepare ;
But your Compliance is but Masquerade,
Your Loyalty is forc'd, your Faith a Trade ;
To enjoy your Liberty the State thinks fit,
Pray Heav'n you make good use of it ;
Forbear your Canting, Whining, idle Style,
With no amusements see you do beguile
You Hearers ; strive but to be true ;
Against the Laws do you forget to rail,
And let but Sense 'gainst Bigotry prevail ;
And then----*

*----Oh ! Sir, we know what best to do,
We come not here to be inform'd by you.----
But Counsel's cheap, Sir, I demand no Fees.----
But you may counsel others if you please.----
Nay, if you're angry, Sir, I'm gone ;
This 'tis when good advice is thrown
Away on Men ; but e'er your Company I leave,
Remember this, while vainly you believe
Others to cheat, you don't your selves deceive.*

XVIII.

Great News from Ireland, is heard at Door ;
Which puts the Audience to a stand,
To fetch it in there is command,
And one attempts to read it o'er
But interrupted by a prating Fop.
You talk, (says he,) I mean you hope
That Ireland will this Summer be reduc'd ;
You may as well suppose
The Bay of Biscay will be froze ;
No, no, with Stories you're amus'd,
K. J----'s in Men and Money's not so poor,
And I pronounce him Son of 'Whore,
Who wishes Him or's Army were confus'd.
This made the Company to stare :
At last one takes him up with----Sir, I dare,
Though not to's Person, yet to's Cause
Wish ruin ; and if any here
Do not the self-same thing aver,
He is without much Complement an As.
An As, Sir, (cries the other,) Faith, I don't
Much use to pocket up such an Affront ;
You wear no Sword, I see, and 'twould be base
To draw upon a naked Man,
But here's my Dish of Coffee in your Face.
T'other, though scalded, would not be
Behind-hand with him in Civility,
But flung a Glas of Mum so pat,
It spoil'd both Perruwig and Point Cravat :

On this a Quarrel soon began,
 Till *Constable* with pacifying Staff,
 Appeas'd the Fray, and the *Contenders* have
 Some respite, one his *Face* to cure,
 And t'other to refresh his *Garniture*.

XIX.

The lately mention'd Sparks are hardly gone,
 But out of Breath more Hawker's run,
 With the good News of the intire defeat,
 Perform'd by th' Arms and Conduct of the Great
 Illustrious *William* at the Famous *Boyne*,
 Where he like *Cæsar* crost the *Rubicon*.
 The trembling Irish ran away like Hares,
 And none to look behind him dares ;
 It might in every Face be read,
 How each ones Heart affected stood ;
 And tho' Distinction's Politick I hate,
 Yet by the Chearfulness which fate,
 Upon the Brow of one while t'other shew'd,
 A forc'd Complacence, nay, perhaps a Smile,
 At reading of the News it was not hard,
 To guess whose Interest was lov'd and fear'd.

XX.

Mean while the Tax Collectors enter in,
 Demanding Money for the King,
 At sight of which one who began to grin,
 Did thus his most judicious Censures fling.

Cries

Cries on, *I think the Parliament are mad*
To tax us thus ; we shall e'er long
Not know to whom our Souls belong ;
Nay 'tis reported they prepare
A Bill to regulate our Fare :
And none without accustom'd Fees
Shall eat of Licens'd Bread and Cheese ;
 For----

----Hold, Sir, cries another Man,
E'er farther in your Nonsense you go on ;
What to the Taxes have you paid,
Or given to the Royal Aid ?
If I mistake not, you're no more
Than Journeyman t'a Shoe-maker,
And yet your Little Worship must complain,
But 'twould, alas ! be but in vain
To preach Sense to thy cloudy Brain ;
Or else, 't might be evinc'd that none
In Europe's large Dominions are so free
From griping Taxes of the Purse as we ;
Besides, what in that Nature's done,
Is the effect of meer Necessity,
Shall th' King his Person for our sakes expose,
And we our little Aids refuse ?
They're worse than Infidels and Jews,
Who out of Complaisance to Purse,
Their future Happiness will lose,
And on Posterity entail a Curse.

XXI.

Quite out of Breath comes bouncing to the Room
 A Spark, as if for Mid wife sent,
 Bawling aloud—*His Majesty is come ;*
The King our Royal Master is at home :
Shall we not drink his health to night,
Tho' some may pledge it out of spight ;
E'gad I care not,—You Rogue, Sirrah, Boy,
Fetch me a Double Mug of Potent Beer
To make my Understanding clear,
Or I shall else be drunk with Foy ?
Are you all ready ? —Gentlemen present,
Come here's the Brave King William's Health,
A Thing I wish above all Earthly Wealth,
All at one pull on rep—so—Boy, another ;
This Mug has got a younger Brother.
We must not sure forget the Queen,
No, no, my Lads, that were a Mortal Sin ;
Nor must the Prince and Princess be forgot,
Boy, bring each man Mugs half a Dozen,
I'll no Man of his Liquor Cozen.
Now healths to the Nobility,
E'gad I'll drink while I can see,
You Zarrab--Boy----but now the Sot
 With frequent Healths so drunk was got,
 That leaving of the Publick Room,
 Went very Loyal, very Tiplie home.

XXII.

The Company he left behind,
 Wanted not twenty of the Game,
 Some Loyalty, and some Beer inflame ;
 Nor were they always in a Mind :
 One drank the King's Health, but without a Name:
 Which his next Neighbour could not bear ;
 Sir, you're a *Jacobite* I fear ;
 And were I sure to find one here
 To shew how much I could be Civil,
 I'd kick him headlong to the Devil.
 A Mighty *Hero* (cries the t'other)
 You're surely *Gatagantua's* Brother,
 Your Valour, or I miss my part,
 Lies in your Tongue more than your heart.
 You Scoundrel don't provoke me more,
 For if you do, you Son of a Whore,
 I'll make my Mug which now's so full,
 Acquainted with thy Paper Skull ;
 This Language t'other could not bear,
 But gives him a round box o'th' Ear ;
 That was with Interest paid agen :
 Thus both provok'd and soundly vex't,
 Mugs, Dishes, or what e'er comes next,
 Serv'd 'em wherewith to vent their Spleen,
 But more than's us'd by Men of Worth ;
 Each had his second, third, and fourth,
 And to't they fall with fighting Fury,
 As if they'd been at pass of *Newry*,

But parted, each to shew his spight,
Curies, instead of saying, ---Good Night.

XXIII.

I having seen this furious Quarrel,
But too much influenc'd by the Barrel ;
Thought that this vast Excess of Joy,
Did even the Soul of Loyalty destroy :
That Vertue lies not in an idle Vain,
Of drinking till my Reason stands
A Tiptoe in my Brain,
When so I may obey some rash Commands.
But calm and quiet always in the Breast,
Wherein true Loyalty does rest.
And sure we must it madness call,
Whilst in some Tavern of the Town,
Prostrate upon our Knees we'll fall,
And drinking others Healths to lose our own.

XXIV.

More various Scenes of Humour I might tell,
Which in my little stay besel ;
Such as grave *Citts*, who spending Farthings four,
Sit, smoke, and warm themselves an hour,
Of modish Town-sparks, drinking *Chocolate*,
With *Bevir* cockt, and laughing loud,
To be thought Wits amongst the Crow'd,
Or sipping *Tea*, while they relate

Their

Their Ev'ning's Frolick at the *Rose*.
 But now I think 'tis time to close,
 Left to my *Reader* I should give offence,
 And he be tir'd with mine,
 As I was with their dull *Impertinence*.
 My Reck'ning paid, I left the Room,
 And in my passage Home,
 Reflected thus----Is this the much desir'd
 Blessing of Life, which most unjustly we
 Call *Regular Society*?
 Well, to my Closet I'll repair,
 Past Times with present to compare,
 My self to strictest Study I'll condemn,
 And 'mongst some Authours wife and good,
 Who Mankind best have understood,
 My Weeks, Months, Years, endeavour to redeem.
 Which vainly foolish, and unthinking I
 Have spent in what we falsely call *Good Company*.

T H E E N D.

(29)
The following is a list of the Books lately Printed and Sold at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

Plutarch's Morals, Translated from the Greek by several Hands, in 8vo. 5. Vol.

The Female Advocate, or an Answer to a late Satyr against the Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy of Women, in 4to.

Moral Essays and Discourses upon several Subjects, chiefly relating to the Present Times. By a Person of Honour, 8vo.

A New Method of Curing the French Pox, written by an Eminent French Author; Together with the Practice and Method of Monsieur *Blanchard*, as also, Dr. *Sydenham's* Judgment on the same: To which is added Annotations and Observations, by *William Salmon* Professor of Physick, in 12vo.

The Memoirs of Monsieur *Deageant*, containing the most secret Transactions and Affairs of France, from the Death of *Henry IV*, till the beginning of the Ministry of the Cardinal *de Richelieu*, to which is added a particular Relation of the Archbishop of *Enbrun's* Voyage into *England*, and of his Negotiation for the Advancement of the Roman Catholick Religion here, together with the Duke of *Buckingham's* Letters to the said Archbishop about the Progress of that Affair, which happened the last Year of King *James I*. His Reign. Faithfully Translated out of the French Original, in 12ves.

A New and Easie Method to the Art of Dialling, containing
1. All Horizontal Dials, all Upright Dials, Reflecting Dials, Dials without Centre, Nocturnal Dials, upright Declining Dials, without knowing the Declination of the Place. 2. The most natural and easie Way of describing the Curious Lines of the Sun's Declination on any Place, by *Thomas Sirode Esq*; in 4to.

